GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

NOW ONLY 12¢

10016-308
AUGUST

A priceless old key unlocks a doorway to doom!

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KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ELECTRICITY

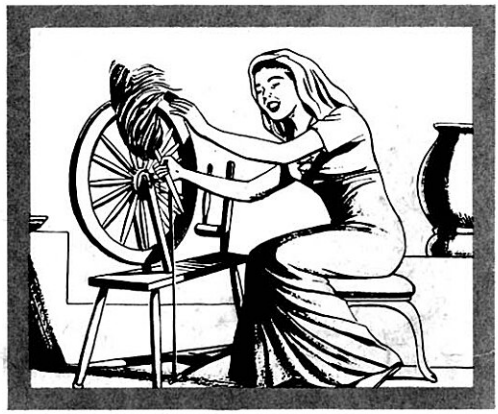
NUMBER 1

THE ANCIENTS AND THE EARLY EXPERIMENTERS

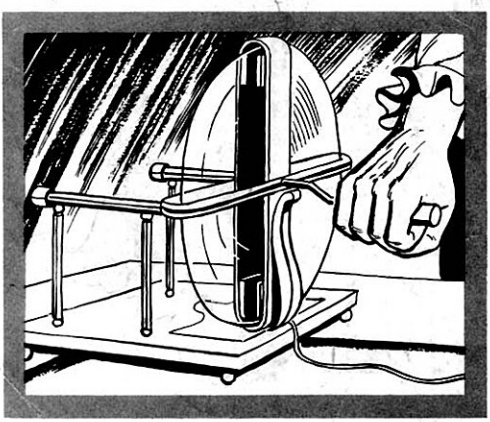
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

The ancient Greeks thought of lightning as a deadly missile, or "thunderbolt," hurled by Zeus, the "father of the gods and men."

Ancient Norsemen thought of lightning as the blows of Thor's mighty hammer, which always returned to the Thunder God's hand.



In early Greece, ladies relieved the labor of spinning by rubbing the yarn with amber. Electricity drew the yarn like a magnet.



William Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth I, made the first "electric machine" which generated electricity by friction.

In 1746 the Dutch philosopher Cuneus invented the "Leyden jar," coated with foil inside and out, for storing an electric charge.

TWILIGHT ZONE
The SECRET OF THE KEY
THIS INNOCENT-LOOKING LOCKSMITH'S SHOP IS AN UNLIKELY PLACE TO FIND THE UNEXPECTED. YET, FOR ONE MAN, IT HOLDS THE KEY TO THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
THE PLACE IS RUE MORTE, A COBBLESTONED SIDE STREET IN PARIS. THE DATE: JANUARY 20, 1893.
INSIDE, MONSIEUR LE CLEF, OWNER OF THE SHOP, TALKS WITH A CUSTOMER.
LET ME SEE THAT ONE, LE CLEF. PERHAPS I'LL BUY IT FOR MY COLLECTION OF RARE LOCKS AND KEYS.
AH, YES, THE GOLD KEY.
YOU MAY SEE IT, MONSIEUR, BUT, I REGRET, IT IS NOT FOR SALE!

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
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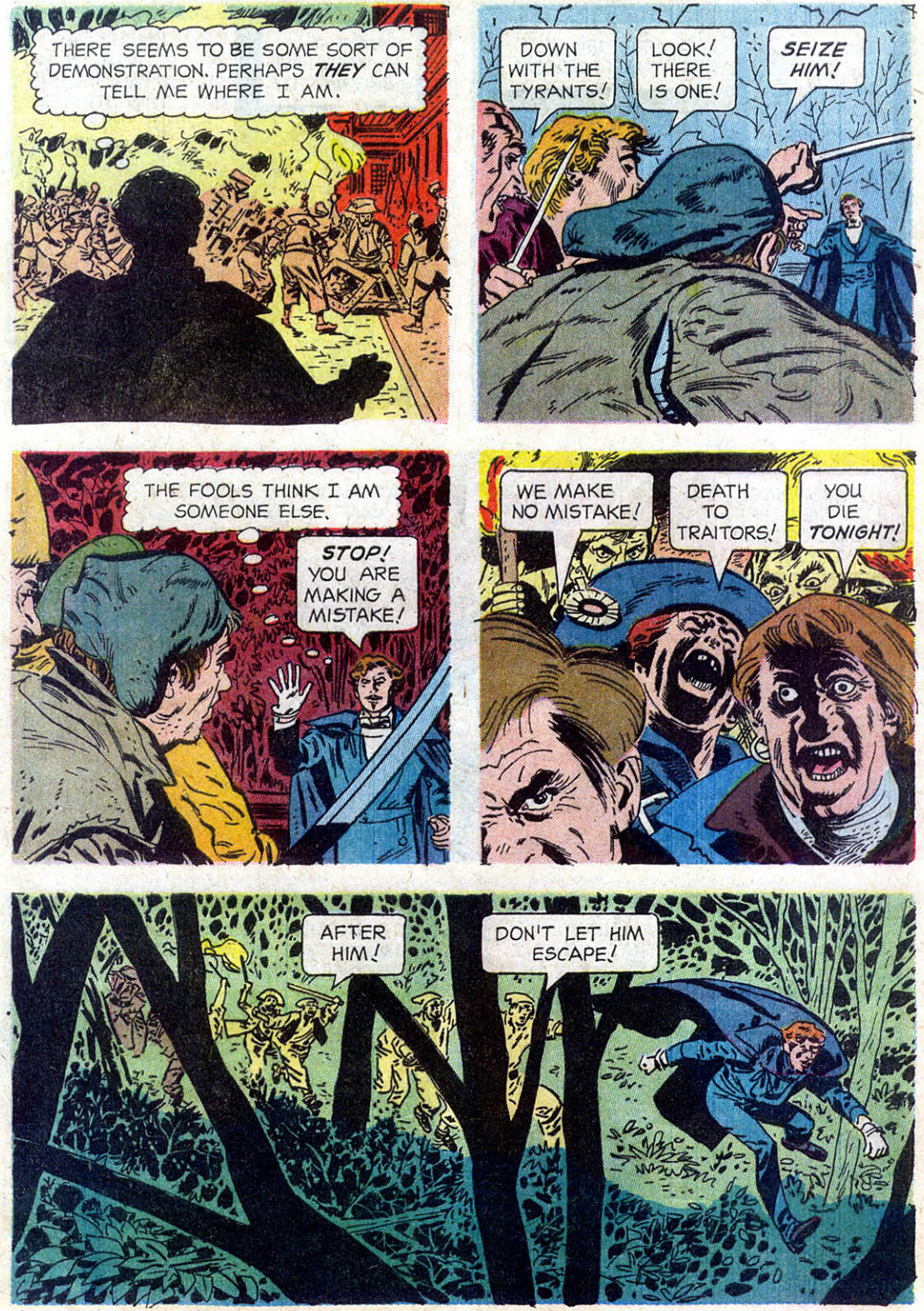
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

THAT NIGHT WHEN RUE MORTE IS QUIET, RENE NOIR RETURNS AND FORCES HIS WAY INTO THE SHOP...
I NEED THAT KEY MORE THAN THIS OLD FOOL DOES. 50,000 FRANCS WILL KEEP ME OUT OF DEBTORS' PRISON.
HOW CARELESS OF THE OLD MAN TO LEAVE SUCH A VALUABLE OBJECT UNGUARDED.
ON HIS WAY OUT, NOIR'S COAT BRUSHES AGAINST SOME LOOSE KEYS ON THE COUNTER.
THE NOISE AWAKENS THE OWNER.
WHO'S THERE?
STOP, THIEF! STOP!

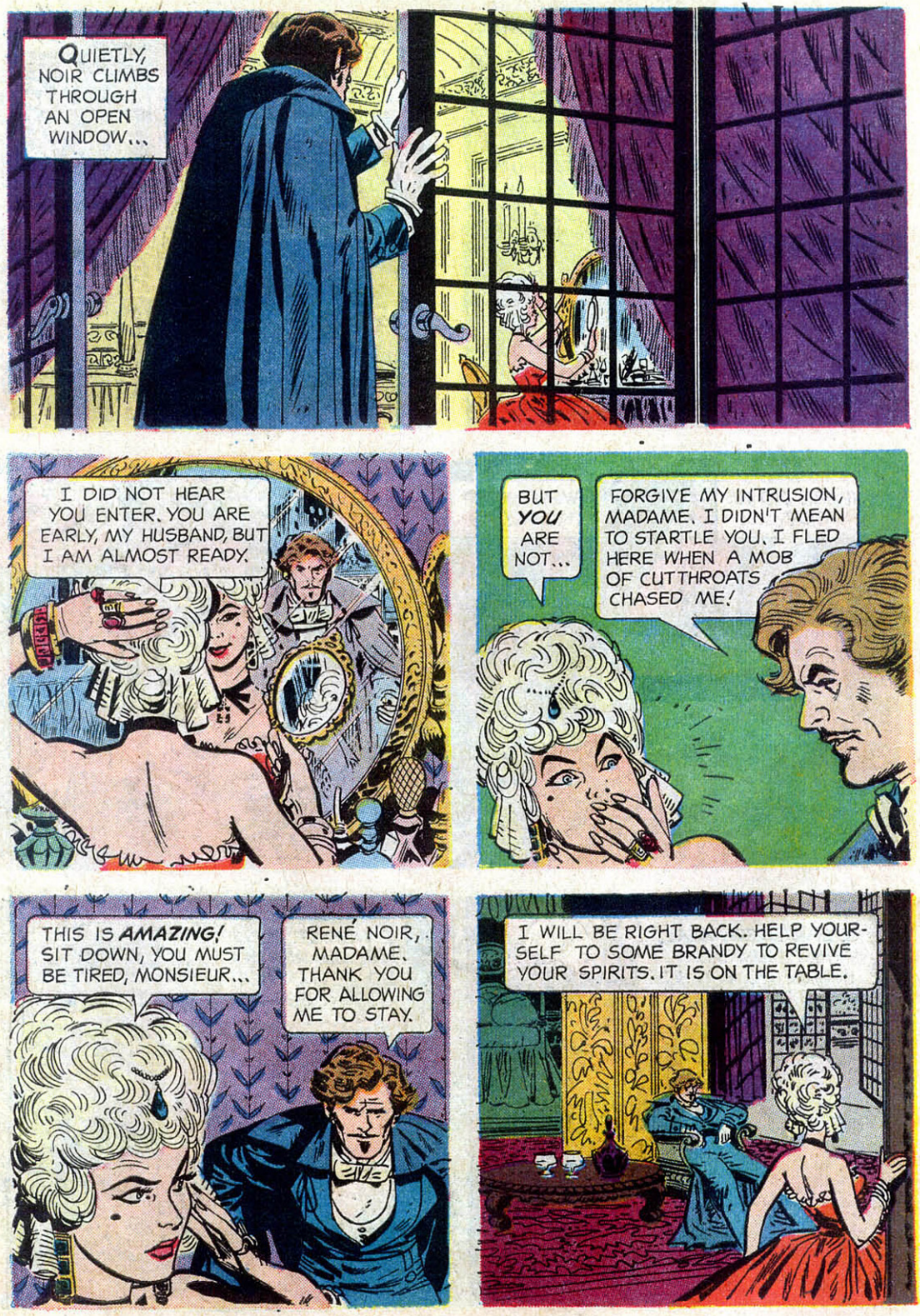
IT'S A BEAUTY. SUCH FINE WORK. WHAT DOES THIS LATIN INSCRIPTION MEAN?
IT SAYS, "WITH ME, A WISE MAN CAN UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF LIFE, BUT A ROGUE WILL FIND ONLY THE DOOR TO DEATH."
I MUST HAVE THIS KEY!
I'M SORRY, MONSIEUR. IT HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR OVER 100 YEARS. IT IS MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSION.
JUST PASSING IS RENÉ NOIR, AN IDLER AND GAMBLER WHO IS HEAVILY IN DEBT. HE OVERHEARS THE CONVERSATION AND STOPS TO LISTEN.
I WILL GIVE YOU 50,000 FRANCS FOR IT.
I HAVE NEVER FOUND A LOCK IT WILL FIT, NOR CAN I MAKE ONE. BUT IT IS MORE VALUABLE TO ME THAN GOLD.
YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING ELSE IN MY SHOP, BUT NOT THIS.
I WISH I COULD BE OF SERVICE.
IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THE KEY, LET ME KNOW.

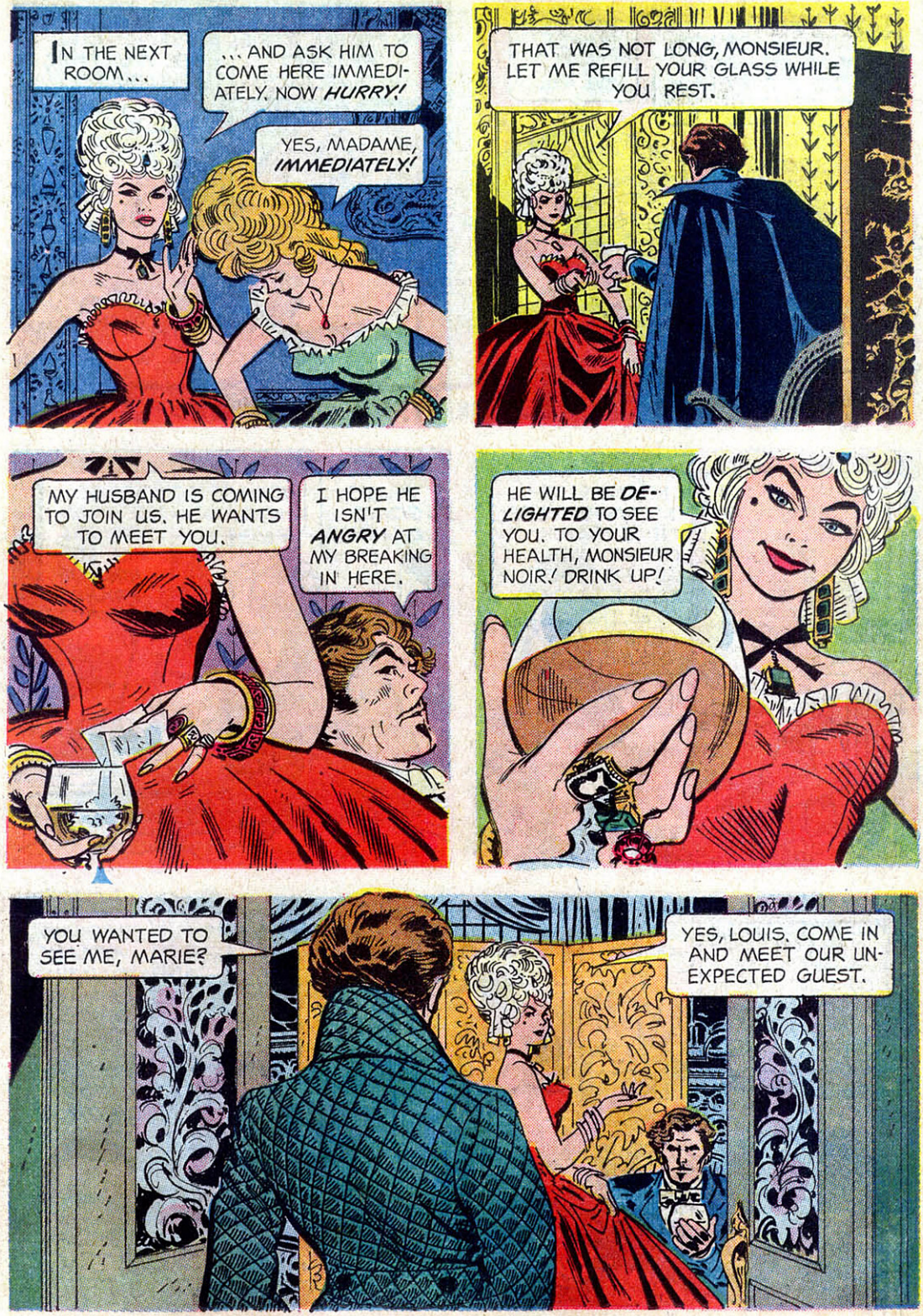
HE'S FOLLOWING ME--AND A GENDARME IS WITH HIM. I'LL LOSE THEM IN HERE.
I'VE RUN INTO A CUL-DE-SAC, A DEAD END STREET. I'M TRAPPED!
FEVERISHLY, HE RIPS AT THE IVY, TRYING TO CLIMB THE WALL.
I CAN'T MAKE IT. WAIT! WHAT'S THIS? A DOOR?
IT'S LOCKED. MAYBE THIS ACCURSED KEY WILL OPEN IT.
THERE HE GOES! STOP HIM!
HALT!

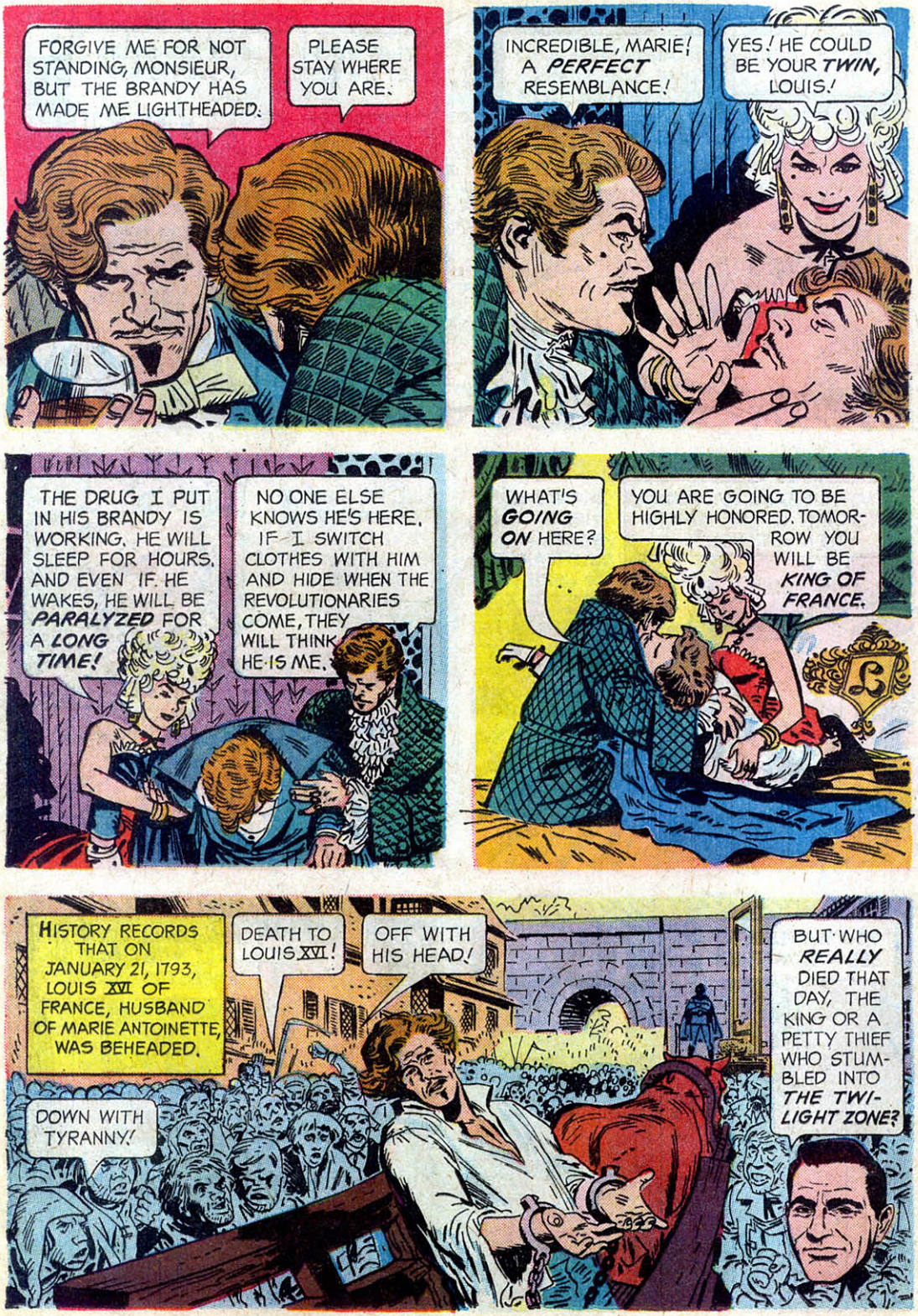
WHERE IS THE DOOR? WE SAW HIM GO THROUGH A DOOR.
IT IS UNBELIEVABLE! THIS WALL IS SOLID!
AH, MY KEY. HE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT!
TAKE YOUR PROPERTY AND GO HOME, MONSIER. I WILL INVESTIGATE THIS STRANGE EVENT FURTHER.
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR...
WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE! LUCKY FOR ME THAT KEY WORKED! NOW I MUST GET OUT OF THIS FOUL TUNNEL.
A SHORT TIME LATER, NOIR STEPS OUT INTO ANOTHER STREET AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL...
ALL IS QUIET! THAT MEANS I HAVE LOST THEM!
I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING. I KNOW THIS IS PARIS, BUT I DON'T RECOGNIZE THIS STREET. I AM LOST.

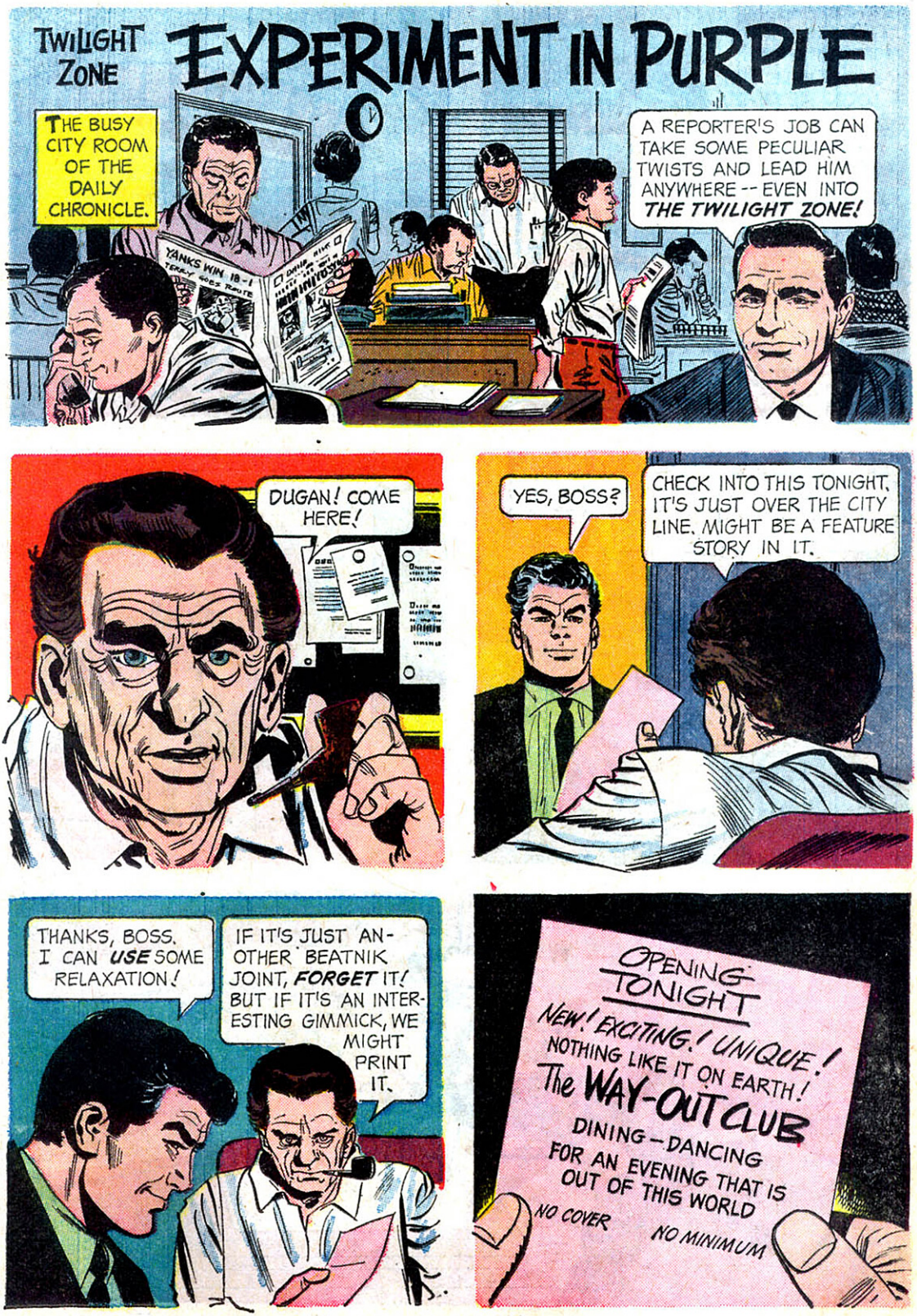

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF DEMONSTRATION. PERHAPS THEY CAN TELL ME WHERE I AM.
DOWN WITH THE TYRANTS!
LOOK! THERE IS ONE!
SEIZE HIM!
THE FOOLS THINK I AM SOMEONE ELSE.
STOP! YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE!
WE MAKE NO MISTAKE!
DEATH TO TRAITORS!
YOU DIE TONIGHT!
AFTER HIM!
DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

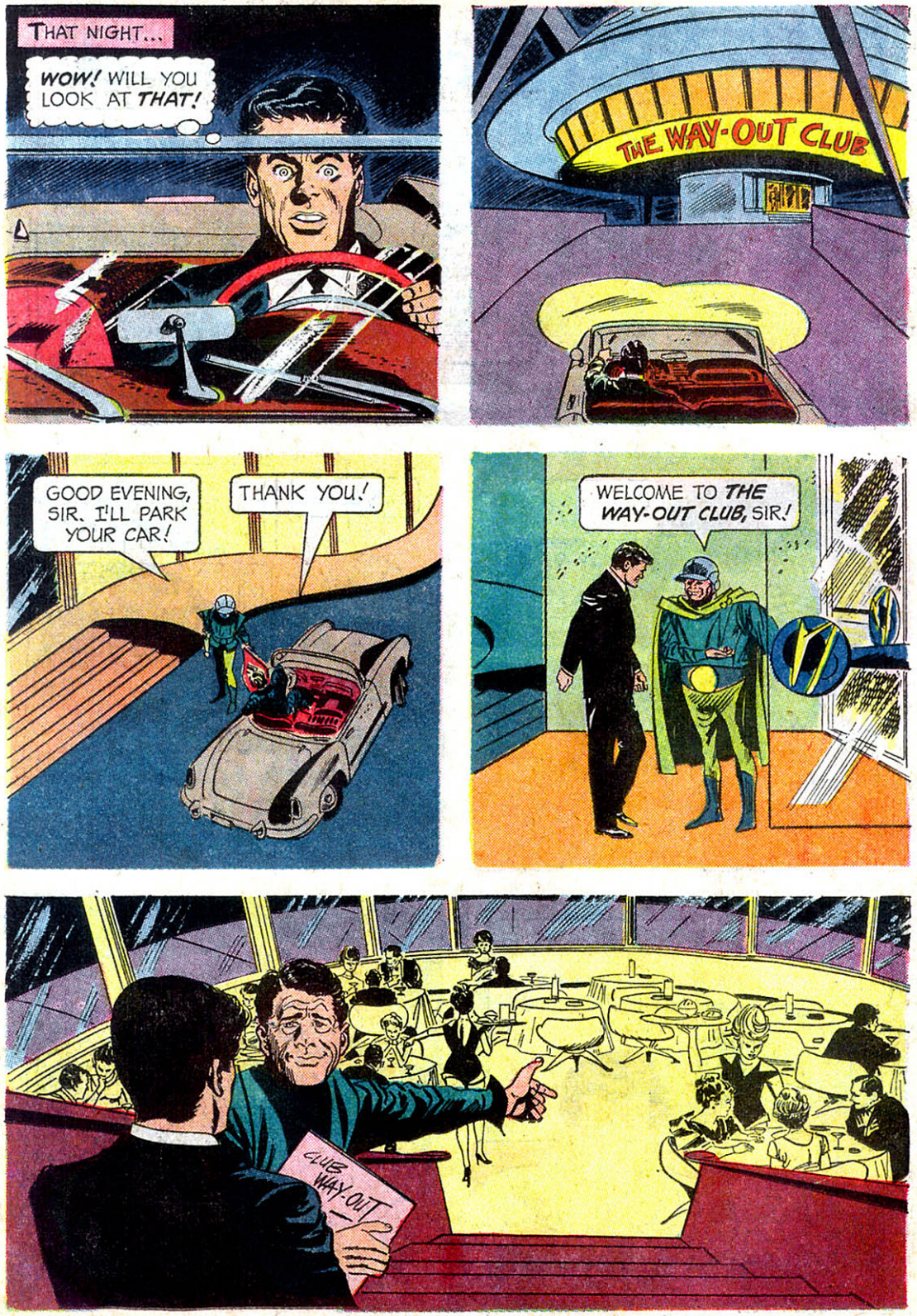
WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN INTO? ALL FOR A KEY THAT I DON'T EVEN HAVE!
I CAN'T RUN ANY MORE. PERHAPS THEY WON'T SEE ME HERE!
WHERE DID HE GO?
WE'VE LOST HIM!
NO, HE MUST BE UP AHEAD!
I CAN'T STAY HERE. THAT CHATEAU-- PERHAPS I CAN HIDE THERE UNTIL MORNING.
I WONDER WHY THERE ARE GUARDS IN FRONT. I'D BETTER NOT LET THEM SEE ME.


QUIETLY, NOIR CLIMBS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...
I DID NOT HEAR YOU ENTER. YOU ARE EARLY, MY HUSBAND, BUT I AM ALMOST READY.
BUT YOU ARE NOT...
FORGIVE MY INTRUSION, MADAME. I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU. I FLED HERE WHEN A MOB OF CUTTHROATS CHASED ME!
THIS IS AMAZING! SIT DOWN, YOU MUST BE TIRED, MONSIEUR...
RENÉ NOIR, MADAME. THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING ME TO STAY.
I WILL BE RIGHT BACK. HELP YOURSELF TO SOME BRANDY TO REVIVE YOUR SPIRITS. IT IS ON THE TABLE.

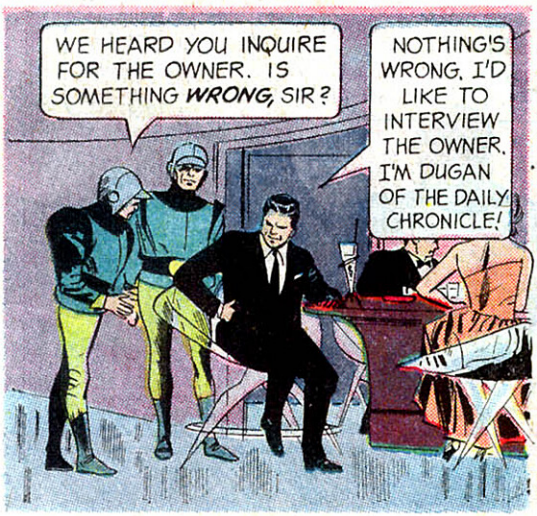

IN THE NEXT ROOM...
... AND ASK HIM TO COME HERE IMMEDIATELY. NOW HURRY!
YES, MADAME, IMMEDIATELY!
THAT WAS NOT LONG, MONSIEUR. LET ME REFILL YOUR GLASS WHILE YOU REST.
MY HUSBAND IS COMING TO JOIN US. HE WANTS TO MEET YOU.
I HOPE HE ISN'T ANGRY AT MY BREAKING IN HERE.
HE WILL BE DE-LIGHTED TO SEE YOU. TO YOUR HEALTH, MONSIEUR NOIR! DRINK UP!
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MARIE?
YES, LOUIS. COME IN AND MEET OUR UNEXPECTED GUEST.


FORGIVE ME FOR NOT STANDING, MONSIEUR, BUT THE BRANDY HAS MADE ME LIGHTHEADED.
PLEASE STAY WHERE YOU ARE.
INCREDIBLE, MARIE! A PERFECT RESEMBLANCE!
YES! HE COULD BE YOUR TWIN, LOUIS!
THE DRUG I PUT IN HIS BRANDY IS WORKING. HE WILL SLEEP FOR HOURS, AND EVEN IF HE WAKES, HE WILL BE PARALYZED FOR A LONG TIME!
NO ONE ELSE KNOWS HE'S HERE. IF I SWITCH CLOTHES WITH HIM AND HIDE WHEN THE REVOLUTIONARIES COME, THEY WILL THINK HE IS ME.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
YOU ARE GOING TO BE HIGHLY HONORED. TOMORROW YOU WILL BE KING OF FRANCE.
HISTORY RECORDS THAT ON JANUARY 21, 1793, LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE, HUSBAND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, WAS BEHEADED.
DEATH TO LOUIS XVI!
OFF WITH HIS HEAD!
DOWN WITH TYRANNY!
BUT WHO REALLY DIED THAT DAY, THE KING OR A PETTY THIEF WHO STUMBLED INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE?


TWILIGHT ZONE
EXPERIMENT IN PURPLE
THE BUSY CITY ROOM OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.
A REPORTER'S JOB CAN TAKE SOME PECULIAR TWISTS AND LEAD HIM ANYWHERE -- EVEN INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
YANKS WIN 18-1
DUGAN! COME HERE!
YES, BOSS?
CHECK INTO THIS TONIGHT. IT'S JUST OVER THE CITY LINE. MIGHT BE A FEATURE STORY IN IT.
THANKS, BOSS. I CAN USE SOME RELAXATION!
IF IT'S JUST ANOTHER BEATNIK JOINT, FORGET IT! BUT IF IT'S AN INTERESTING GIMMICK, WE MIGHT PRINT IT.
OPENING TONIGHT
NEW! EXCITING! UNIQUE!
NOTHING LIKE IT ON EARTH!
The WAY-OUT CLUB
DINING - DANCING
FOR AN EVENING THAT IS OUT OF THIS WORLD
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM

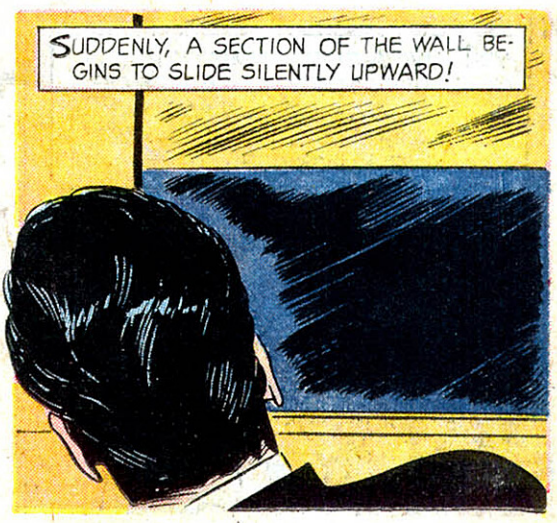

THAT NIGHT...
WOW! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!
THE WAY-OUT CLUB
GOOD EVENING, SIR. I'LL PARK YOUR CAR!
THANK YOU!
WELCOME TO THE WAY-OUT CLUB, SIR!
CLUB WAY-OUT

LATER...
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT SPACEMAN'S SPECIAL?
DELICIOUS! SAY, WHERE CAN I FIND THE OWNER OF THIS PLACE?


WE HEARD YOU INQUIRE FOR THE OWNER. IS SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?
NOTHING'S WRONG. I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW THE OWNER. I'M DUGAN OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE!

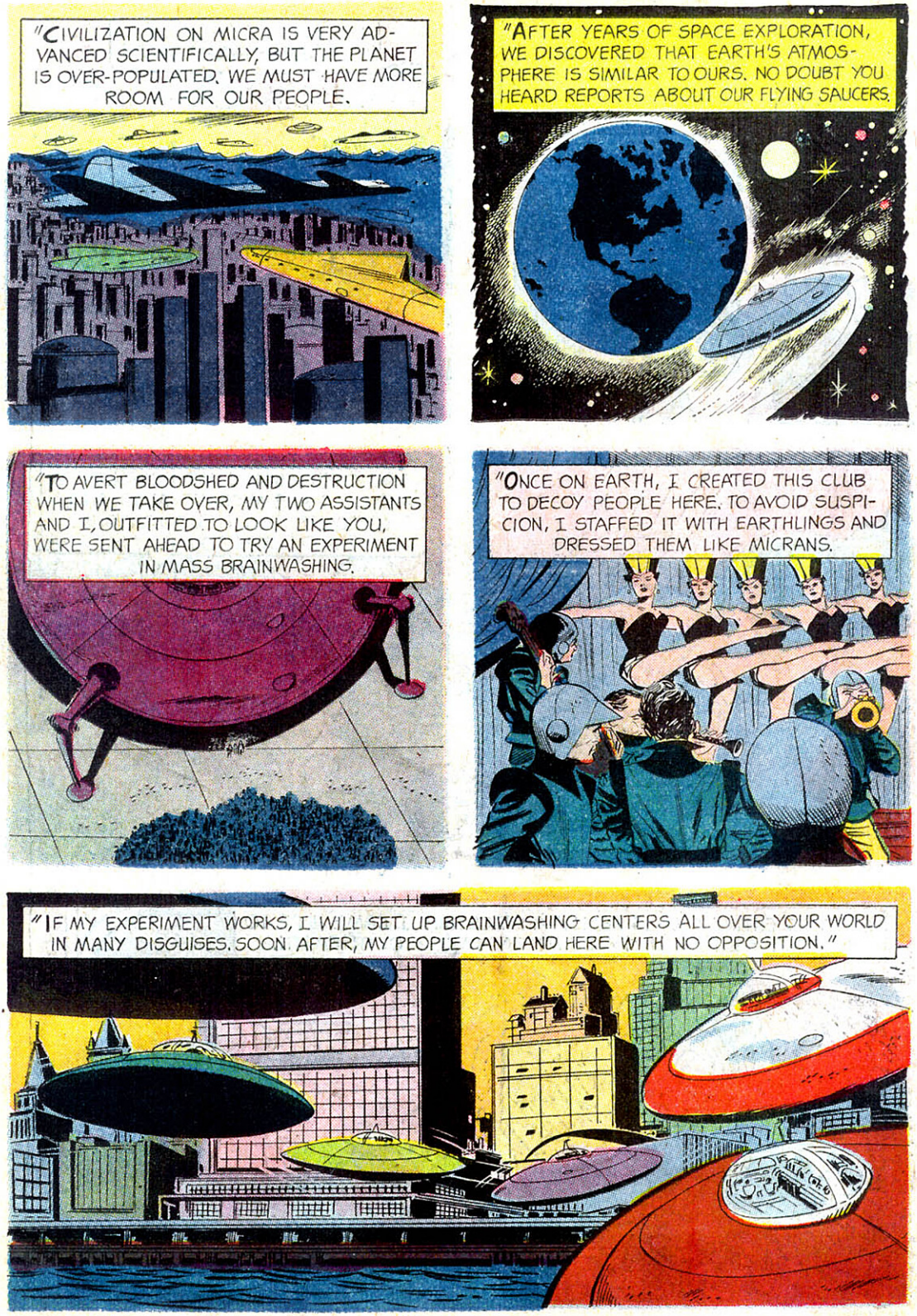
THIS WAY, PLEASE!

LOOKS LIKE A DEAD END. NOW WHAT?

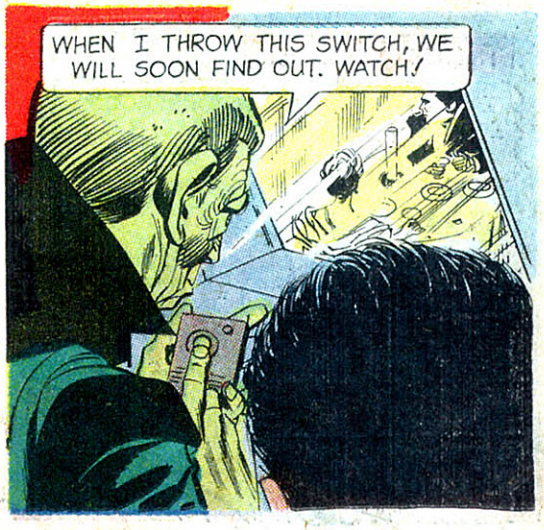

SUDDENLY, A SECTION OF THE WALL BEGINS TO SLIDE SILENTLY UPWARD!

COME IN, MR. DUGAN, I AM MR. FAPP. I HAVE BEEN TOLD YOU WANTED TO SEE ME.
THAT'S RIGHT. YOU HAVE A VERY UNUSUAL PLACE, AND I'D LIKE TO DO A STORY FOR MY PAPER.
WONDERFUL! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!
THIS CLUB IS AN EXPERIMENT. IF IT'S SUCCESSFUL, I'LL OPEN A CHAIN OF WAY-OUT CLUBS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. IN FACT, MY ORGANIZATION WILL BECOME INTERPLANETARY.
YOU HAVE A GREAT GIMMICK HERE, AND I THINK YOU'LL MAKE LOTS OF MONEY. BUT AN INTERPLANETARY ORGANIZATION IS STRETCHING THINGS TOO FAR, ISN'T IT?
IS IT, MR. DUGAN?

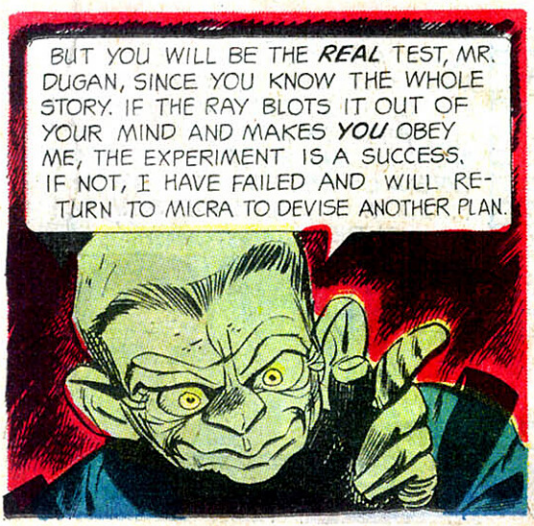
WHAT KIND OF A JOKE IS THIS?
NO JOKE, MR. DUGAN! I AM NOT AN EARTH MAN. I AM FAPP, FROM THE PLANET MICRA IN ANOTHER GALAXY!
LET ME OUT OF HERE! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, MR. DUGAN. DURG AND BRAC ARE MICRANS ALSO AND EXCELLENT FIGHTERS. SO SIT STILL AND LISTEN TO ME.
SEE, THIS ENTIRE CLUB IS REALLY A SPACESHIP. I CAME HERE TO EXPLORE THE POSSIBILITY OF MICRA TAKING OVER EARTH.
WHIRRRRRR

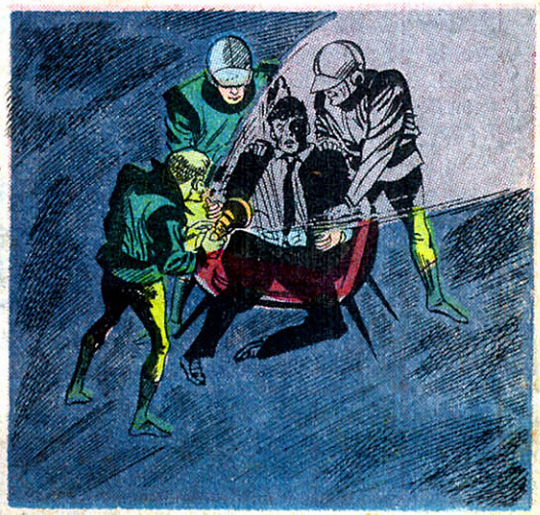

"CIVILIZATION ON MICRA IS VERY ADVANCED SCIENTIFICALLY, BUT THE PLANET IS OVER-POPULATED. WE MUST HAVE MORE ROOM FOR OUR PEOPLE.
"AFTER YEARS OF SPACE EXPLORATION, WE DISCOVERED THAT EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE IS SIMILAR TO OURS. NO DOUBT YOU HEARD REPORTS ABOUT OUR FLYING SAUCERS.
"TO AVERT BLOODSHED AND DESTRUCTION WHEN WE TAKE OVER, MY TWO ASSISTANTS AND I, OUTFITTED TO LOOK LIKE YOU, WERE SENT AHEAD TO TRY AN EXPERIMENT IN MASS BRAINWASHING.
"ONCE ON EARTH, I CREATED THIS CLUB TO DECOY PEOPLE HERE. TO AVOID SUSPICION, I STAFFED IT WITH EARTHLINGS AND DRESSED THEM LIKE MICRANS.
"IF MY EXPERIMENT WORKS, I WILL SET UP BRAINWASHING CENTERS ALL OVER YOUR WORLD IN MANY DISGUISES. SOON AFTER, MY PEOPLE CAN LAND HERE WITH NO OPPOSITION."

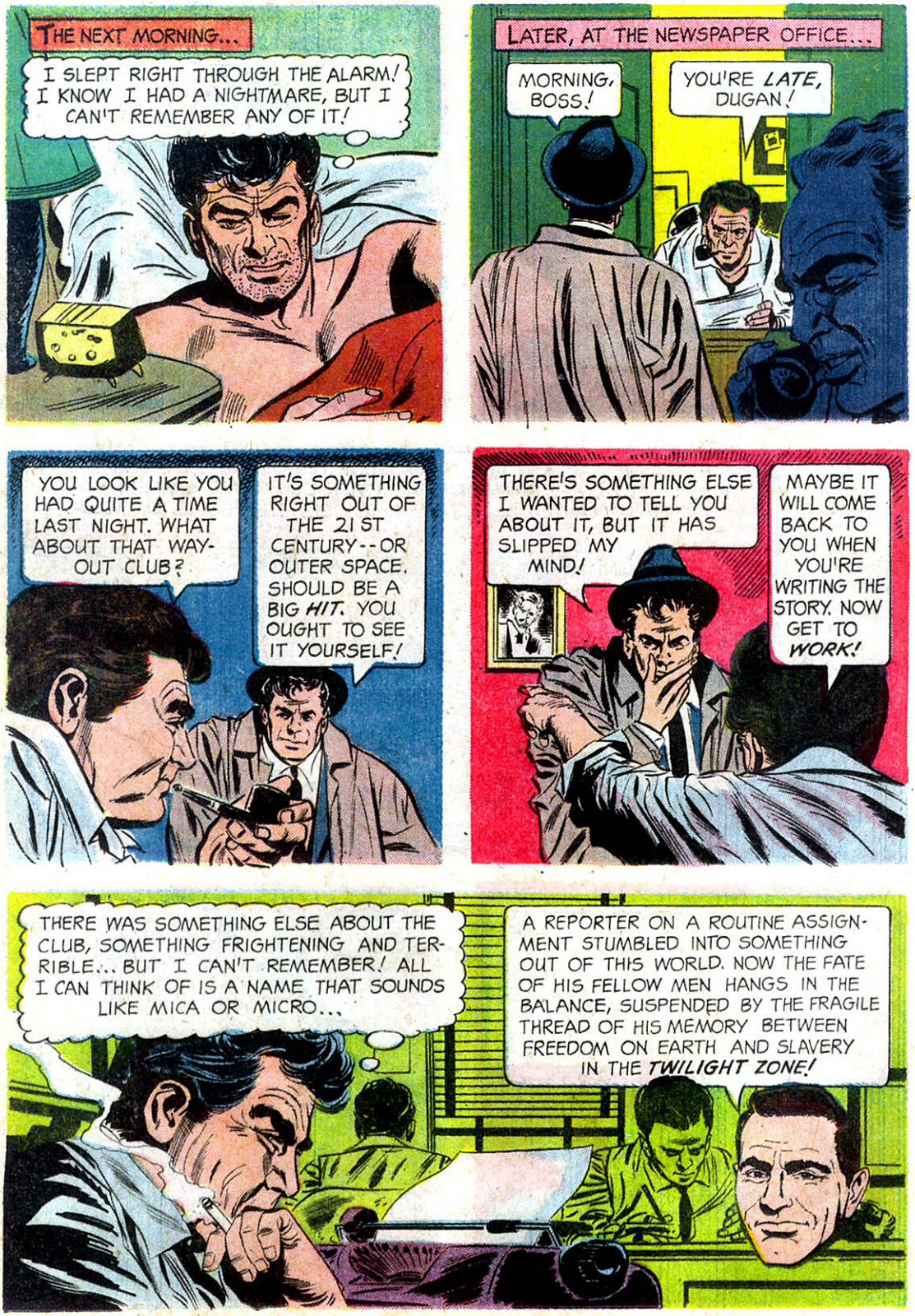
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING SO MONSTROUS, FAPP!

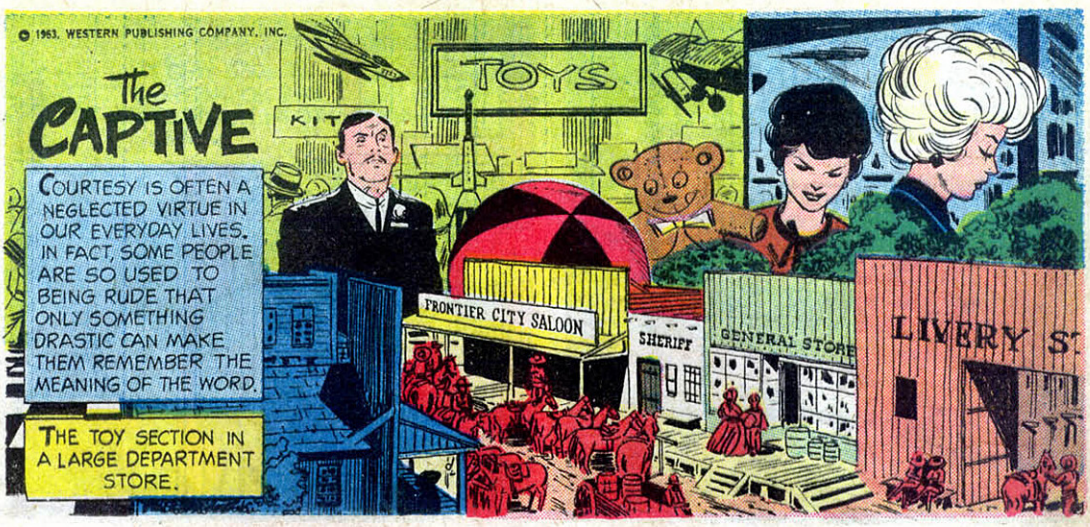

WHEN I THROW THIS SWITCH, WE WILL SOON FIND OUT. WATCH!

"OUR SUPER-VIOLET RAY IS PAINLESS AND QUICK. JUST TEN SECONDS EXPOSURE, THEN EVERYONE IN THE ROOM WILL RETURN TO NORMAL--WITH ONE SMALL CHANGE! THE THOUGHT HAS NOW BEEN IMPLANTED IN EACH MIND TO OBEY THE PEOPLE OF MICRA WHEN THEY ARRIVE."


BUT YOU WILL BE THE REAL TEST, MR. DUGAN, SINCE YOU KNOW THE WHOLE STORY. IF THE RAY BLOTS IT OUT OF YOUR MIND AND MAKES YOU OBEY ME, THE EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS. IF NOT, I HAVE FAILED AND WILL RETURN TO MICRA TO DEVISE ANOTHER PLAN.




THE NEXT MORNING...
I SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH THE ALARM! I KNOW I HAD A NIGHTMARE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY OF IT!
LATER, AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...
MORNING, BOSS!
YOU'RE LATE, DUGAN!
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAD QUITE A TIME LAST NIGHT. WHAT ABOUT THAT WAY-OUT CLUB?
IT'S SOMETHING RIGHT OUT OF THE 21 ST CENTURY--OR OUTER SPACE. SHOULD BE A BIG HIT. YOU OUGHT TO SEE IT YOURSELF!
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT, BUT IT HAS SLIPPED MY MIND!
MAYBE IT WILL COME BACK TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE WRITING THE STORY. NOW GET TO WORK!
THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE ABOUT THE CLUB, SOMETHING FRIGHTENING AND TERRIBLE... BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER! ALL I CAN THINK OF IS A NAME THAT SOUNDS LIKE MICA OR MICRO...
A REPORTER ON A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING OUT OF THIS WORLD. NOW THE FATE OF HIS FELLOW MEN HANGS IN THE BALANCE, SUSPENDED BY THE FRAGILE THREAD OF HIS MEMORY BETWEEN FREEDOM ON EARTH AND SLAVERY IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!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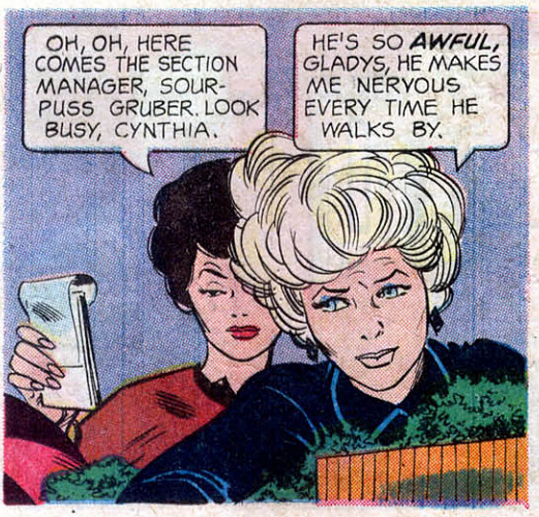
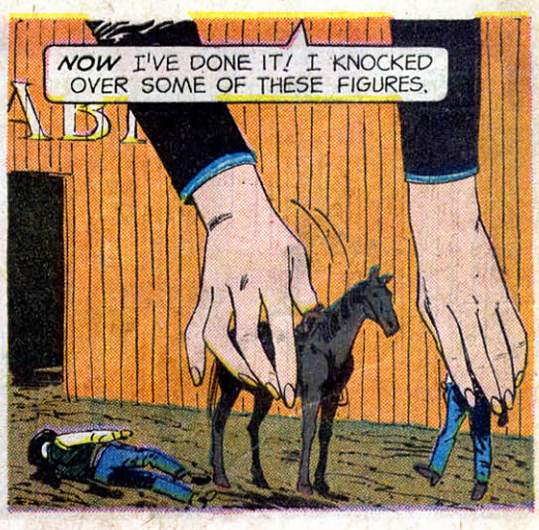
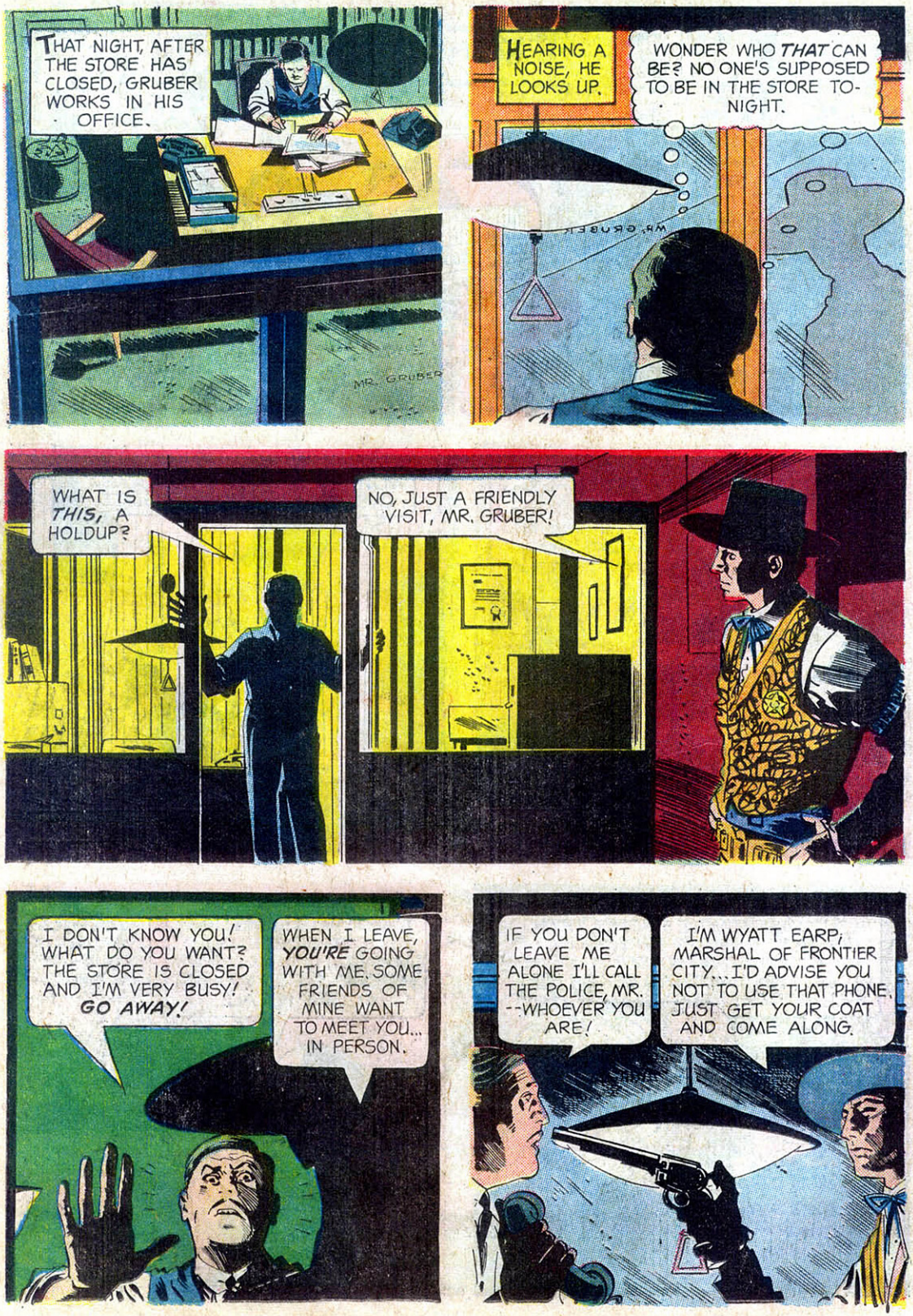
The CAPTIVE
COURTESY IS OFTEN A NEGLECTED VIRTUE IN OUR EVERYDAY LIVES. IN FACT, SOME PEOPLE ARE SO USED TO BEING RUDE THAT ONLY SOMETHING DRASTIC CAN MAKE THEM REMEMBER THE MEANING OF THE WORD.
THE TOY SECTION IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE.
TOYS
KIT
FRONTIER CITY SALOON
SHERIFF
GENERAL STORE
LIVERY ST

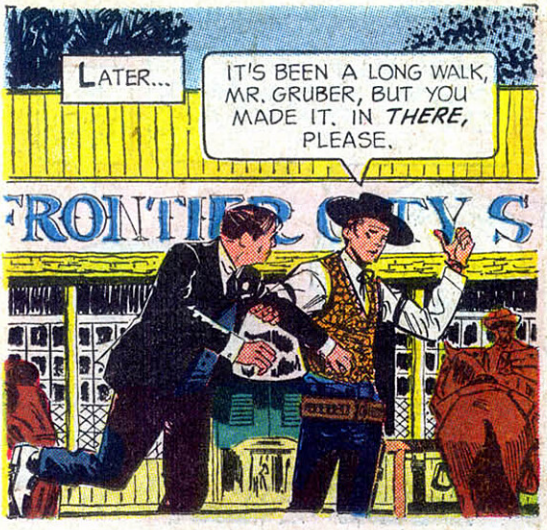

OH, OH, HERE COMES THE SECTION MANAGER, SOUR-PUSS GRUBER. LOOK BUSY, CYNTHIA.
HE'S SO AWFUL, GLADYS, HE MAKES ME NERVOUS EVERY TIME HE WALKS BY.

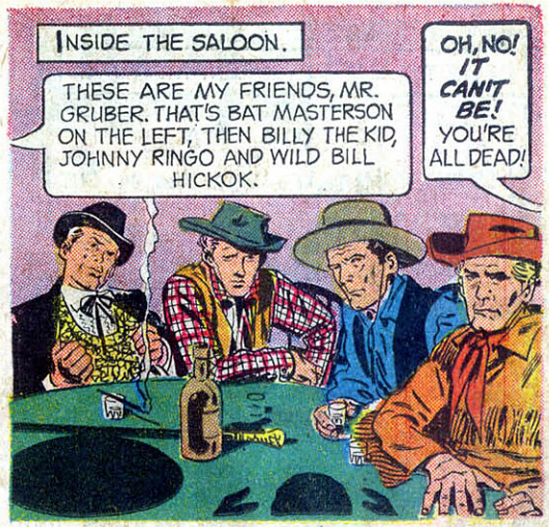

NOW I'VE DONE IT! I KNOCKED OVER SOME OF THESE FIGURES.

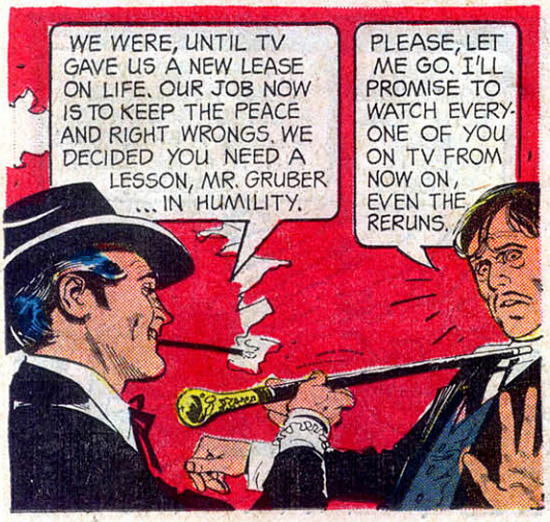
WELL, MISS FUMBLE FINGERS, TRYING TO RUIN THAT DISPLAY? PERSONALLY, I DETEST COWBOYS, AND HORSES MAKE ME ILL, BUT THEY HAPPEN TO BE OUR BEST SELLING ITEMS.
HOTEL

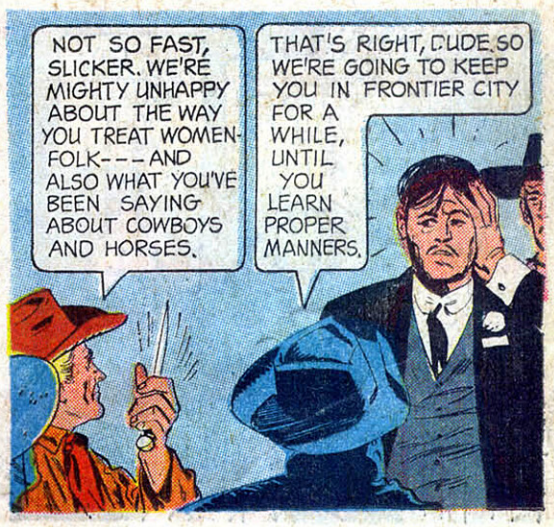
I ALSO HATE SNIVELLING GIRLS, SO STOP WHIMPERING AND FIX THAT DISPLAY BEFORE I FIRE YOU, YOU CLUMSY FEMALE.
YES, MR. GRUBER. RIGHT AWAY, MR. GRUBER.

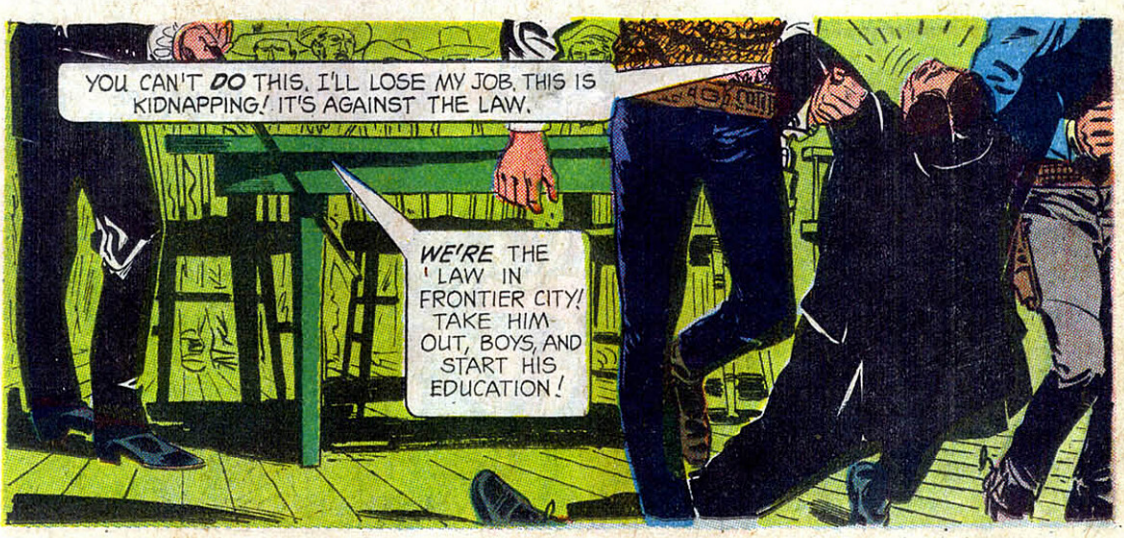

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE STORE HAS CLOSED, GRUBER WORKS IN HIS OFFICE.
MR. GRUBER
HEARING A NOISE, HE LOOKS UP.
WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE? NO ONE'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE STORE TONIGHT.
WHAT IS THIS, A HOLDUP?
NO, JUST A FRIENDLY VISIT, MR. GRUBER!
I DON'T KNOW YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT? THE STORE IS CLOSED AND I'M VERY BUSY! GO AWAY!
WHEN I LEAVE, YOU'RE GOING WITH ME. SOME FRIENDS OF MINE WANT TO MEET YOU... IN PERSON.
IF YOU DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE I'LL CALL THE POLICE, MR. --WHOEVER YOU ARE!
I'M WYATT EARP; MARSHAL OF FRONTIER CITY... I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO USE THAT PHONE. JUST GET YOUR COAT AND COME ALONG.


LATER...
IT'S BEEN A LONG WALK, MR. GRUBER, BUT YOU MADE IT. IN *THERE*, PLEASE.


INSIDE THE SALOON.
THESE ARE MY FRIENDS, MR. GRUBER. THAT'S BAT MASTERSON ON THE LEFT, THEN BILLY THE KID, JOHNNY RINGO AND WILD BILL HICKOK.
OH, NO! *IT CAN'T BE!* YOU'RE ALL DEAD!


WE WERE, UNTIL TV GAVE US A NEW LEASE ON LIFE. OUR JOB NOW IS TO KEEP THE PEACE AND RIGHT WRONGS. WE DECIDED YOU NEED A LESSON, MR. GRUBER ... IN HUMILITY.
PLEASE, LET ME GO. I'LL PROMISE TO WATCH EVERY-ONE OF YOU ON TV FROM NOW ON, EVEN THE RERUNS.


NOT SO FAST, SLICKER. WE'RE MIGHTY UNHAPPY ABOUT THE WAY YOU TREAT WOMEN-FOLK---AND ALSO WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SAYING ABOUT COWBOYS AND HORSES.
THAT'S RIGHT, DUDE. SO WE'RE GOING TO KEEP YOU IN FRONTIER CITY FOR A WHILE, UNTIL YOU LEARN PROPER MANNERS.


YOU CAN'T *DO* THIS. I'LL LOSE MY JOB. THIS IS KIDNAPPING! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW.
WE'RE THE LAW IN FRONTIER CITY! TAKE HIM OUT, BOYS, AND START HIS EDUCATION!

IN THE TOY SECTION THE NEXT MORNING...
GOOD MORNING, GLADYS.
HELLO, CYNTHIA. I HOPE YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM THAT AWFUL BAWLING OUT OLD GRUBER GAVE YOU YESTERDAY.
FRONTIER CITY SALOON
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, BUT SOMETIMES I WISH MR. GRUBER WOULD DISAPPEAR FOR A FEW DAYS!
NO SUCH LUCK!
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW REAL-LOOKING THEY CAN MAKE THESE LITTLE FIGURES. THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE SMILING AT ME.
STOP DAY-DREAMING. GRUBER MIGHT COME IN.
THERE'S A FIGURE LYING IN THE ROAD. WHERE DOES IT BELONG?
I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THAT ONE BEFORE, BUT SINCE IT'S HOLDING A BROOM, I'LL PUT IT IN THE LIVERY STABLE.
IT MAY BE QUITE A WHILE BEFORE MR. GRUBER WORKS HIS WAY UP FROM STABLE BOY TO SECTION MANAGER AGAIN. HE HAS A LOT TO LEARN, AND HIS CAPTORS HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO TEACH HIM!

TWILIGHT ZONE

THE ORDEAL of BLUEBIRD 3

STRANGE, UNEXPLAINABLE THINGS HAPPEN IN WARTIME. SOME SO STRANGE, AS YOU SHALL SEE, THEY COULD ONLY OCCUR WHERE THE COMBAT ZONE MEETS *THE TWILIGHT ZONE!*

A FLIGHT OF U.S. NAVY PLANES HEADS BACK TO ITS CARRIER AFTER CLOBBERING AN AIRSTRIP ON A JAPANESE-HELD PACIFIC ATOLL DURING WORLD WAR II. BUT, ONE OF THE PLANES IS IN TROUBLE.

LT. CHARLES ANDREWS MAKES AN URGENT DISTRESS CALL...

BLUEBIRD-3 TO BLUEBIRD LEADER... COCKPIT FILLING WITH SMOKE. POWER FAILING. CAN'T MAKE IT BACK TO NEST.

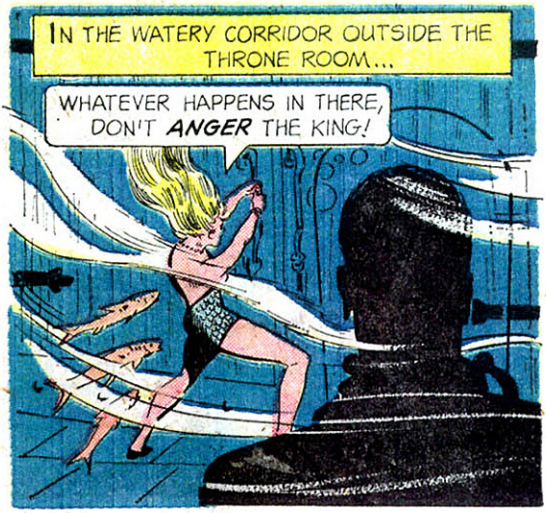
BLUEBIRD LEADER TO BLUEBIRD-3. BAIL OUT WHILE YOU CAN, CHARLIE. WE'LL MARK YOUR POSITION AND SEND HELP. GOOD LUCK!

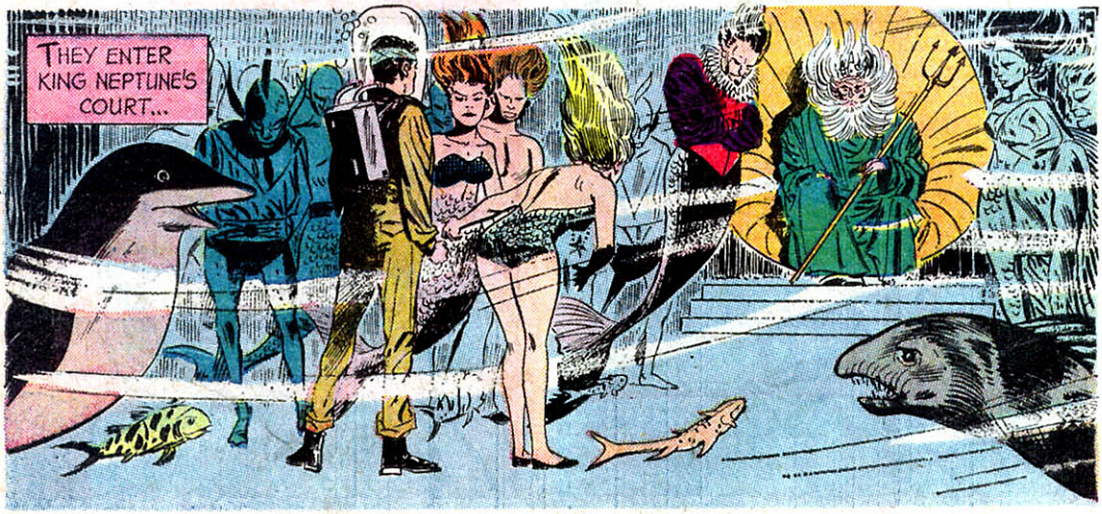
THIS IS BLUEBIRD-3. MY CANOPY IS JAMMED... CAN'T GET OUT. ENGINE JUST QUIT. I'LL HAVE TO RIDE IT DOWN. SO LONG, TEAM!

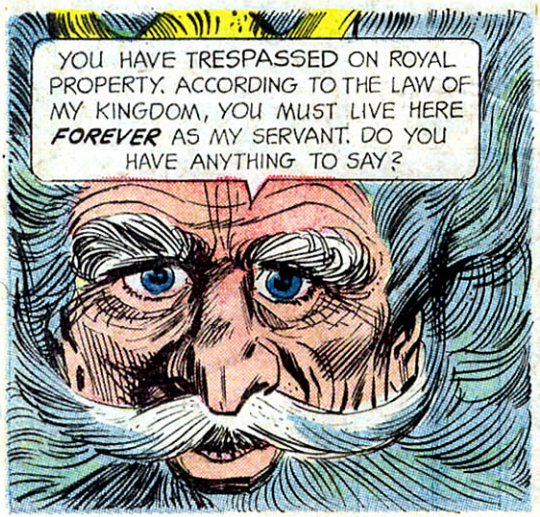
SOME TIME LATER, LT. ANDREWS OPENS HIS EYES.
OH, MY HEAD!
I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE AWAKE. YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS A LONG TIME.
DON'T MOVE TOO QUICKLY. YOU HAD A BAD HEAD INJURY AND IT'S JUST HEALING. DRINK SOME KELP SOUP. IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
WHO ARE YOU? WHERE AM I? HOW DID I GET HERE?
I AM TRINA, SERVANT OF NEPTUNE. YOU ARE IN KING NEPTUNE'S PALACE.
WHAT?
LT. ANDREWS STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW AND STARES OUTSIDE IN SHOCKED AMAZEMENT...
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE. IT MUST BE A TRICK. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.
WE ARE!

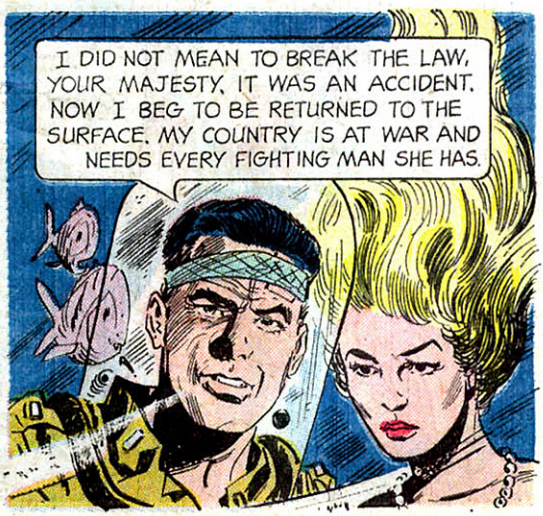
TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON. AM I DEAD OR JUST HAVING A NIGHTMARE?
NEITHER. WHEN YOUR PLANE CRASHED NEARBY, YOU WERE BROUGHT TO THE PALACE AND PLACED IN MY CARE. I AM A NURSE. AT FIRST I THOUGHT YOU WOULD DIE.
I MUST WARN YOU THAT THIS IS THE ONLY ROOM WITH AIR BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE SURFACE. IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, YOU WILL DROWN.
BUT HOW DO YOU BREATHE? AND THOSE PEOPLE IN THE GARDEN?
WE ALL CAME FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD THROUGH SOME ACCIDENT, LIKE YOU. BUT WE HAVE BEEN CONVERTED BY NEPTUNE'S PHYSICIAN TO LIVE UNDER-WATER!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
BUT IT'S TRUE. SEE -- I HAVE GILLS.
I MUST GO NOW. REMEMBER, STAY IN THIS ROOM UNTIL I COME FOR YOU. ONCE OUTSIDE IT, YOU WILL DIE!

LATER, TRINA RETURNS...
PUT ON THIS BREATHING HELMET. KING NEPTUNE WANTS TO SEE YOU AT COURT NOW.

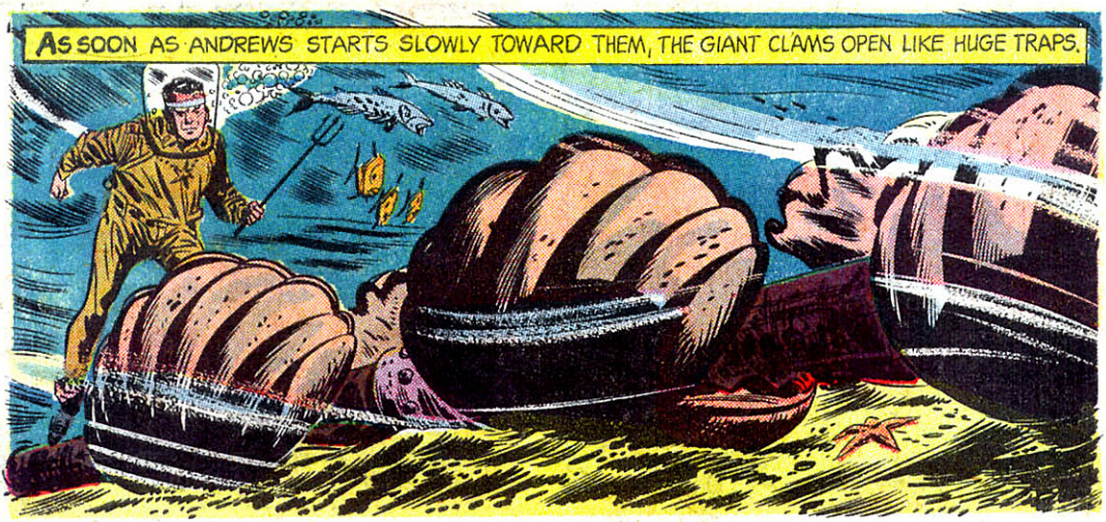

IN THE WATERY CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE THRONE ROOM...
WHATEVER HAPPENS IN THERE, DON'T ANGER THE KING!


THEY ENTER KING NEPTUNE'S COURT...

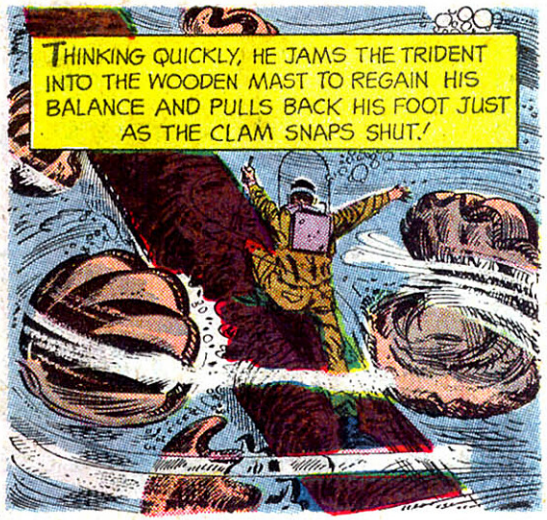

YOU HAVE TRESPASSED ON ROYAL PROPERTY. ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF MY KINGDOM, YOU MUST LIVE HERE FOREVER AS MY SERVANT. DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?


I DID NOT MEAN TO BREAK THE LAW, YOUR MAJESTY. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. NOW I BEG TO BE RETURNED TO THE SURFACE. MY COUNTRY IS AT WAR AND NEEDS EVERY FIGHTING MAN SHE HAS.

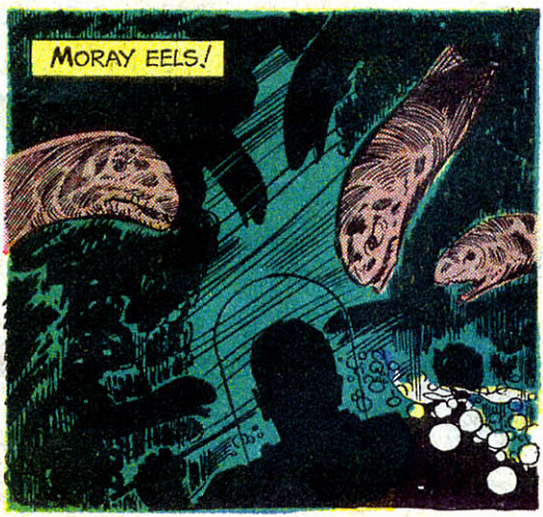
SINCE YOU ARE A FIGHTING MAN, I WILL GIVE YOU A CHOICE. YOU CAN BECOME ONE OF US AND LIVE IN PEACE, OR YOU CAN TRY TO WIN YOUR FREEDOM BY RUNNING THE GAUNTLET IN THE ARENA.
I CHOOSE THE GAUNTLET!
OH, NO! IF YOU FAIL, YOU WILL BE TORN TO PIECES!
I HAD HOPED YOU WOULD WANT TO STAY. WE COULD LIVE HAPPILY HERE!
THANK YOU FOR BEING SO KIND, TRINA, BUT I MUST TRY TO GO BACK.
MANY HAVE TRIED FOR THEIR FREEDOM, BUT NONE HAS SURVIVED THE GAUNTLET. PERHAPS MY GOOD LUCK CHARM WILL HELP YOU SUCCEED. WEAR IT.
LATER, IN THE ARENA, LT. ANDREWS IS ARMED WITH A SMALL TRIDENT...
SO LONG AS YOUR FEET ARE ON THE MAST, YOU ARE SAFE. IF YOU FALL OFF BEFORE THE END, YOU ARE DOOMED. LET THE ORDEAL BEGIN!

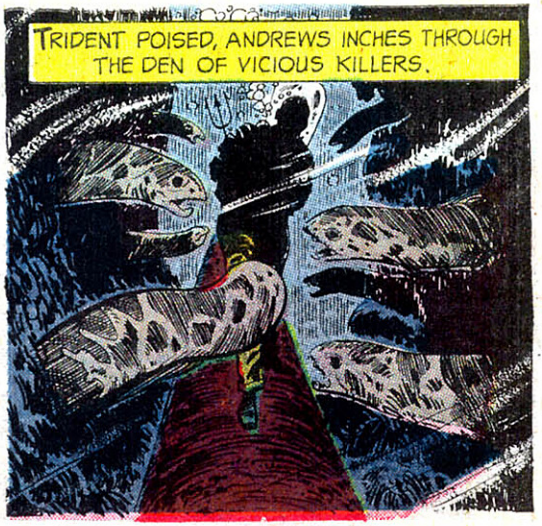

AS SOON AS ANDREWS STARTS SLOWLY TOWARD THEM, THE GIANT CLAMS OPEN LIKE HUGE TRAPS.

SUDDENLY, HIS FOOT SLIPS ON A SEAWEED PATCH.

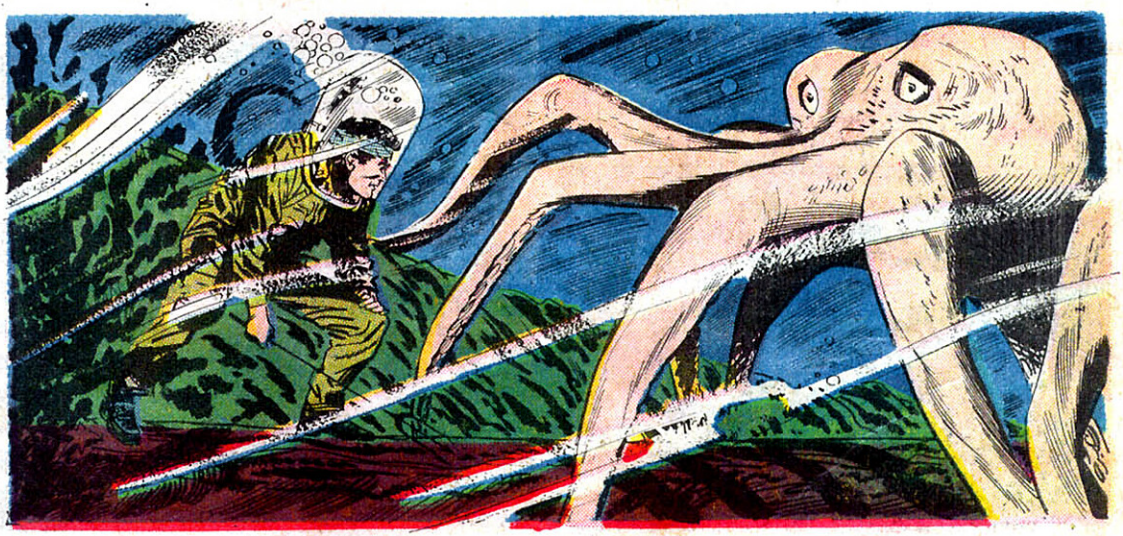

THINKING QUICKLY, HE JAMS THE TRIDENT INTO THE WOODEN MAST TO REGAIN HIS BALANCE AND PULLS BACK HIS FOOT JUST AS THE CLAM SNAPS SHUT!

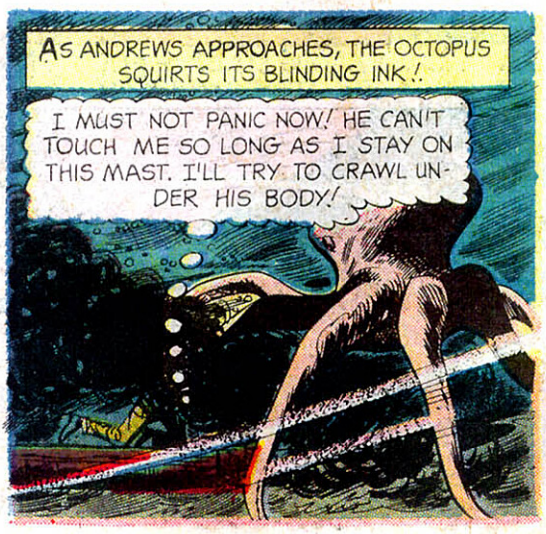
SAFELY PAST THE GIANT CLAMS, HE FACES THE NEXT TEST.


MORAY EELS!

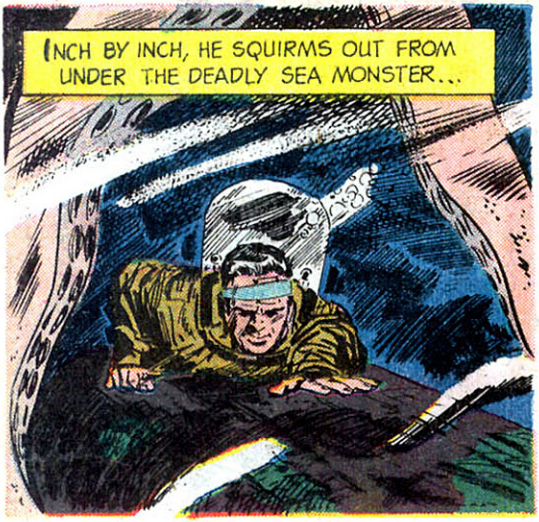

TRIDENT POISED, ANDREWS INCHES THROUGH THE DEN OF VICIOUS KILLERS.

WITH THE MORAY EELS BEHIND HIM, ANDREWS SEES THE MOST TERRIFYING ORDEAL OF ALL JUST AHEAD!
I'M DONE FOR! I'LL NEVER GET PAST THAT MONSTER.



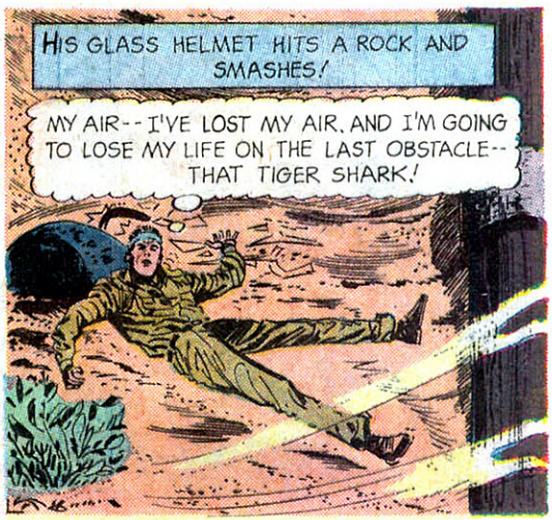

AS ANDREWS APPROACHES, THE OCTOPUS SQUIRTS ITS BLINDING INK!
I MUST NOT PANIC NOW! HE CAN'T TOUCH ME SO LONG AS I STAY ON THIS MAST. I'LL TRY TO CRAWL UNDER HIS BODY!

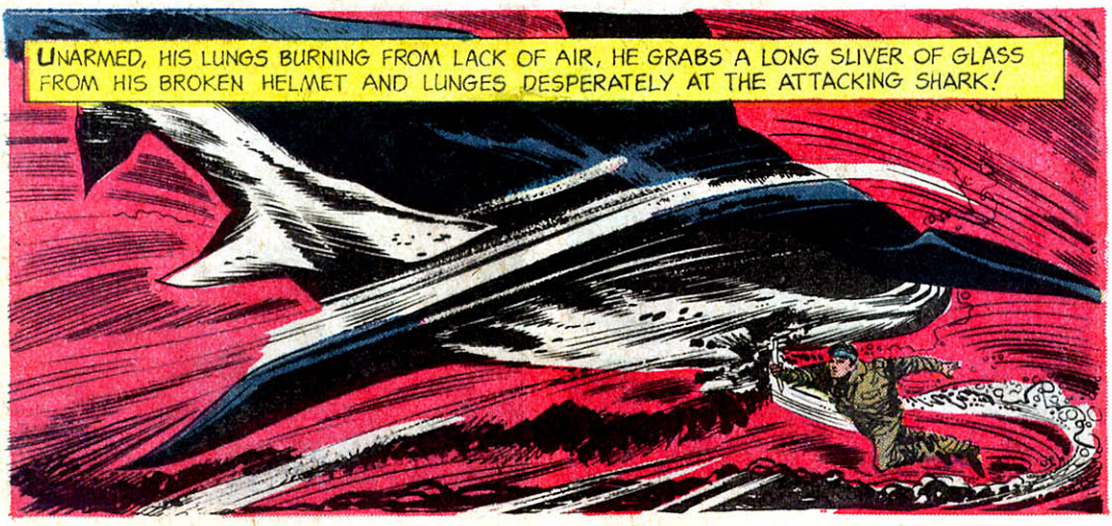
CAUTIOUSLY, ANDREWS GROPES HIS WAY THROUGH THE MURK. ONE SLIP NOW WILL BE HIS LAST!

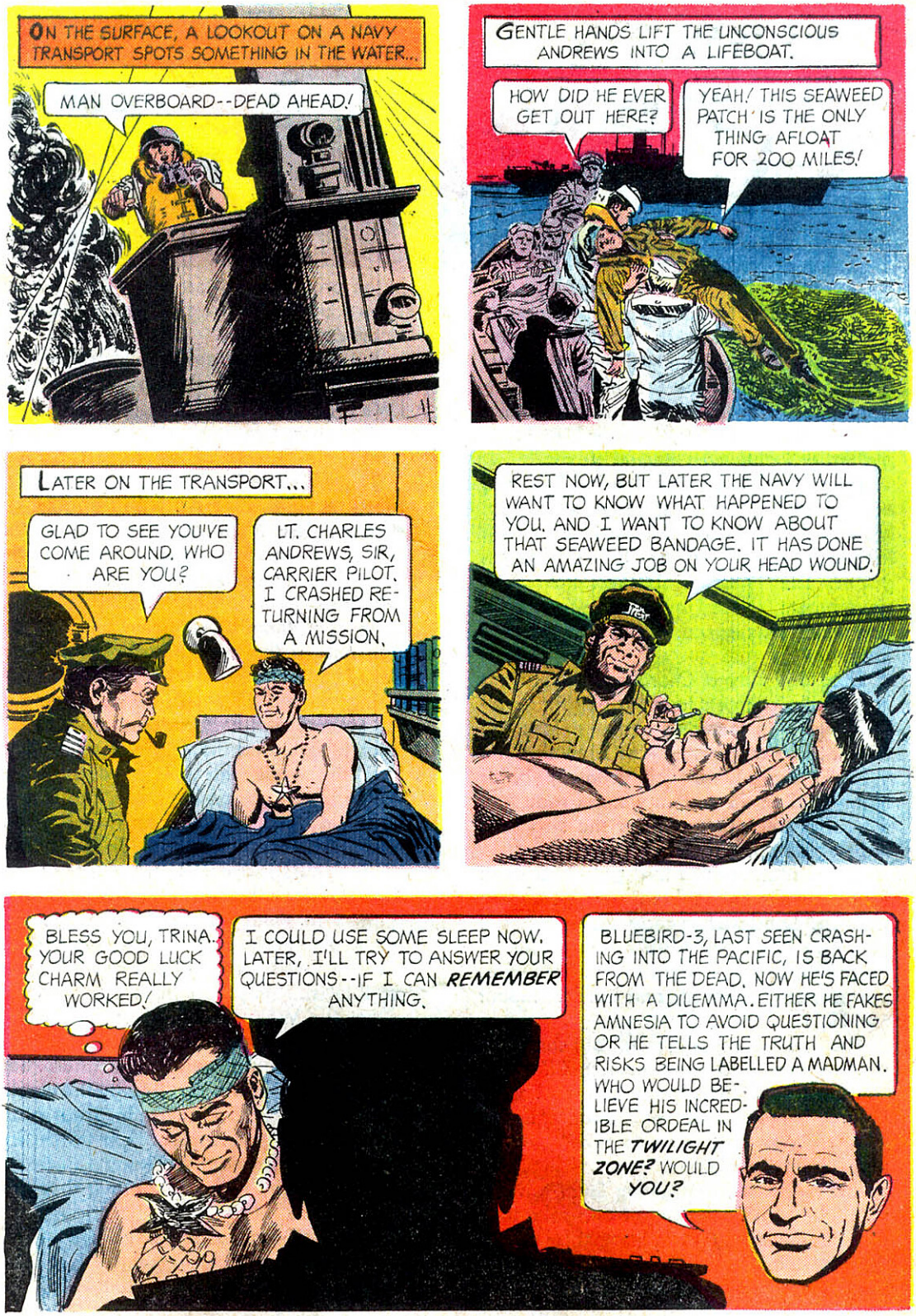

INCH BY INCH, HE SQUIRMS OUT FROM UNDER THE DEADLY SEA MONSTER...

ON HIS FEET AGAIN, ANDREWS' ORDEAL SEEMS NEARLY ENDED!
THERE'S THE END OF THE MAST, IF I GET THERE, I'VE WON!

ALMOST AT THE END, A HUGE SHARK SUDDENLY LASHES THE WATER WITH HIS TAIL, THE CURRENT KNOCKS ANDREWS OFF THE MAST!


HIS GLASS HELMET HITS A ROCK AND SMASHES!
MY AIR--I'VE LOST MY AIR, AND I'M GOING TO LOSE MY LIFE ON THE LAST OBSTACLE--THAT TIGER SHARK!


UNARMED, HIS LUNGS BURNING FROM LACK OF AIR, HE GRABS A LONG SLIVER OF GLASS FROM HIS BROKEN HELMET AND LUNGES DESPERATELY AT THE ATTACKING SHARK!


ON THE SURFACE, A LOOKOUT ON A NAVY TRANSPORT SPOTS SOMETHING IN THE WATER...
MAN OVERBOARD--DEAD AHEAD!
GENTLE HANDS LIFT THE UNCONSCIOUS ANDREWS INTO A LIFEBOAT.
HOW DID HE EVER GET OUT HERE?
YEAH! THIS SEAWEED PATCH IS THE ONLY THING AFLOAT FOR 200 MILES!
LATER ON THE TRANSPORT...
GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE COME AROUND. WHO ARE YOU?
LT. CHARLES ANDREWS, SIR, CARRIER PILOT. I CRASHED RETURNING FROM A MISSION.
REST NOW, BUT LATER THE NAVY WILL WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU. AND I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT SEAWEED BANDAGE. IT HAS DONE AN AMAZING JOB ON YOUR HEAD WOUND.
BLESS YOU, TRINA. YOUR GOOD LUCK CHARM REALLY WORKED!
I COULD USE SOME SLEEP NOW. LATER, I'LL TRY TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS--IF I CAN REMEMBER ANYTHING.
BLUEBIRD-3, LAST SEEN CRASHING INTO THE PACIFIC, IS BACK FROM THE DEAD. NOW HE'S FACED WITH A DILEMMA. EITHER HE FAKES AMNESIA TO AVOID QUESTIONING OR HE TELLS THE TRUTH AND RISKS BEING LABELLED A MADMAN. WHO WOULD BELIEVE HIS INCREDIBLE ORDEAL IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE? WOULD YOU?

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In the 1830's the Cherokees of Georgia were a prosperous and peaceful people. They had adopted the white man's ways and were proud of the fact that they were considered a civilized tribe. Many Cherokees owned fine farms. Some had large plantations and even owned slaves.

Their almost legendary leader, Sequoia, had given them an alphabet long ago. Now they had books printed in their own language and even a Cherokee newspaper. They had established their own government, guided by a written constitution which was based on the White Man's laws.

Then one day a Cherokee lad playing in a Georgia creek found a glittering yellow pebble in the sand of the stream. He took it to his mother. Indians knew that the White Man valued such yellow pebbles highly. When the Indian woman rode into a nearby town for supplies she swapped the pebble for groceries.

Word soon spread that gold had been found on Cherokee land! The gold rush was on. Bands of greedy men swarmed down on Cherokee territory like vultures. Prospectors dug for gold everywhere without permission. Fences and borders meant nothing.

The gold rush would peter out soon, but envious eyes had seen the rich Cherokee farms, the fertile rolling lands that were worth far more than gold. Soon speculators were plotting ways to take the land away from the Indians.

Laws were passed giving local governments the power to control and take over Cherokee territory, even though, by treaty, the Cherokees were an independent nation. Other tribes might have gone on the warpath but Cherokee farmers had faith in the protection of the White Man's laws. They fought the case right up to Supreme Court *and won!*

But the Federal government refused to enforce the court's decision. The Cherokees were bluntly told to leave Georgia and migrate to a specially-designated Indian territory, west of the Mississippi.

Though some leaders of the tribe were ready to fight, others advised against resistance. The White Man was too powerful. There would be bloodshed unless the Cherokees moved voluntarily. So the great migration began. Cherokee farmers left their land. Men, women and children began one of the most heartbreaking journeys in history. Hunger, disease and suffering marked their trek. Perhaps some of the younger hot-heads would have turned back to fight and die, but Federal soldiers lined the roads with guns at ready.

There was no turning back. The Cherokees plodded westward leaving a pitiful trail of graves behind them. On the far side of the Mississippi the remnants of the Cherokees settled on the new raw land alotted to them by the Federal government. But their hearts could never forget the rich lands they had left behind or the terrible trail they had traveled.

But the White Man had outwitted himself. Many years later oil was discovered in the new land owned by the Cherokees. This time the Indians profited by the wealth of the black gold that lay in great pools far beneath the surface of their farms. The tribe became wealthy. Today Cherokees are among the richest people in that part of the west.

But in Cherokee homes children sit silently as the old men recount the saddest of Indian legends, the terrible tale of "The Trail of Tears."

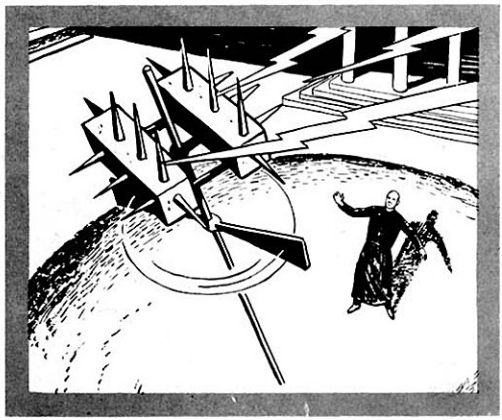
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ELECTRICITY

NUMBER 2

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

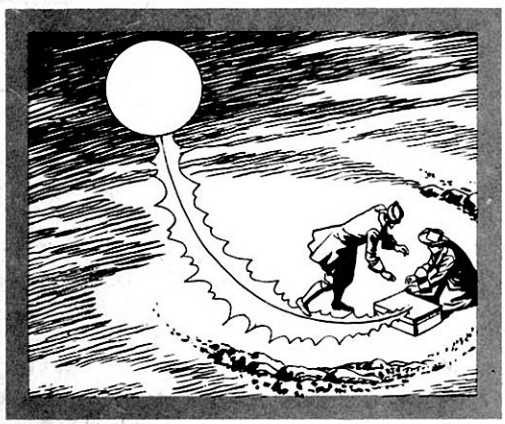


In the early 1750's Prokop Divis, a priest in the small village of Moravia, invented a metal "storm conductor" to draw lightning.

In 1752 Benjamin Franklin drew electricity from a thunderstorm down a kite string! He was lucky! LIGHTNING would've killed him.

In 1760 Benjamin Franklin installed the first house-protecting lightning conductor on the home of a merchant friend in Philadelphia.

By 1782 all public buildings in Philadelphia had Benjamin Franklin's lightning rods except the French Embassy, which was set afire.



Toward the end of the 18th Century, scientists in Europe used balloons to measure the atmosphere's (positive) electric charge.

TWILIGHT ZONE PIN-UP NO. 4